History and Prediction . . . By Crane Brinton

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By John W. White
Reviewed by Stephen Naft

"A WREATH FOR EUROPA"
By Paul Tabori
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"ONE PAIR OF FEET"
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"THE SUNDOWNERS"
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"THE BACKGROUND OF OUR WAR"
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COLERIDGE ON TRIAL MARRIAGES
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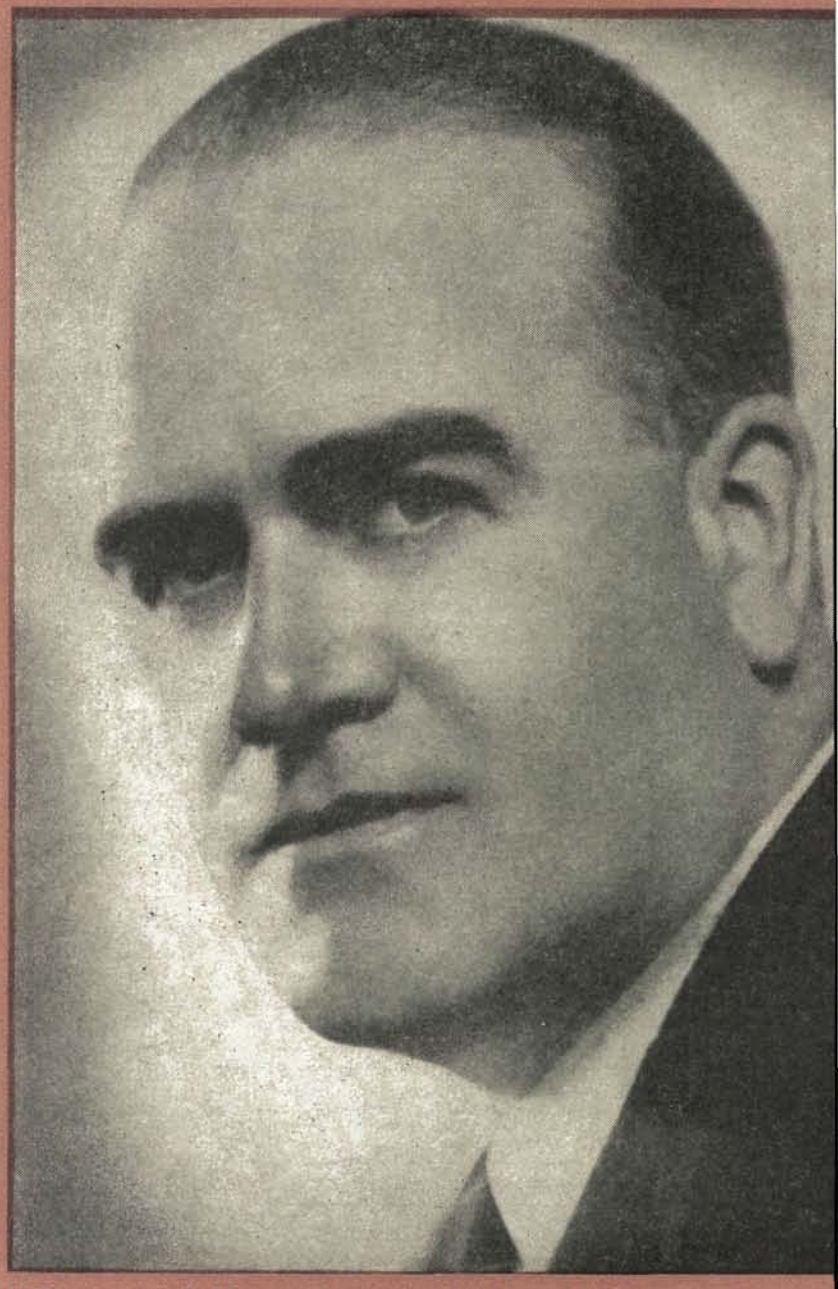

"There are probably very few men who have the background, and are as competent to give a complete picture of Argentina, as John W. White, who has been living in South America for twenty-five years, most of them in Argentina." . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

History and Prediction

CRANE BRINTON

THE sometimes discouraging half-truth—perhaps, indeed, it is rather more than that, a three-quarter's truth—that history repeats itself, is wholly true of the appeal to history as an instrument of prediction. And not merely in our "Faustian" and historically-minded age have men sought to find in the past assurance as to the future. The "Aeneid" and even some parts of the "Bucolics" are heart-warming prophecies based on history, and in this respect, if not in literary form and skill, genuine parallels to such recent books as Professor Eugene Tarlé's study of the Napoleonic invasion of Russia.*

Miss Carola Oman's American publishers in changing her English title, "Britain against Napoleon," to "Napoleon at the Channel"** and in adding on the jacket the subtitle "He, too, Planned to Invade Britain" have perhaps pointed the parallel with Hitler at the Channel rather more specifically than the author originally intended. Certainly Miss Oman permits herself no such inartistic and obvious device as a direct comparison between the two famous corporals, the Corsican and the Austrian. Indeed, she never mentions the present crisis. Her book is a sort of personal and social history of how men and women in Great Britain behaved during the long struggle from 1792 to 1815. She has drawn on old magazines and newspapers, memoirs and letters of the great and near-great, odds and ends of information of all sorts, and occasionally on her imagination, to piece out a description of the state of mind of all sorts of Britishers in these trying years. The result is a collection of *faits divers* which, like Robert Graves's recent "The Long Week-End," manages to attain a kind of unity even though it defies the ordinary canons of the historian as to what is important and what unimportant. We hear the crack of the cricket bat as well as the booming of the guns of Waterloo. We see much more of the rather comic and by now quite British Hanoverian royal family than we do of Parliament and ministries. And we

Eugene Tarlé

get countless anecdotes, sometimes amusing and occasionally illuminating. Such is the account of how M. Otto, French agent sent to London in 1801 to negotiate preliminaries of peace, had an illuminated sign bearing the word "Concord" hung in front of his Mayfair residence. A patriotic English soldier, with a phonetic rather than literary habit of mind, misinterpreted the gesture, and nearly started a riot. The English, he protested, had not been conquered. Otto quickly had the word changed to an unambiguous, if still Latin rather than Anglo-Saxon, "Amity," and all went well.

Carola Oman

From all this piled-up detail there does emerge a sense of the underlying strength of resistance of the British people, a strength by no means imperturbable, by no means always effectively used, and, at that time, particularly, accompanied by an unshakable sense of self-satisfaction—but still a strength, psychological as well as economic and political, that held up successfully against a whole continent organized under Napoleon's New Order. More than this Miss Oman doubtless did not intend. Her book does, however, offer an irresistible temptation to a more heavy-handed historian, already half a sociologist, to carry out explicitly the parallel between Napoleon at the Channel and Hitler at the Channel. Napoleon failed to conquer Britain. Is it likely that Hitler will also fail?

One fact, in 1942, is clear. The twenty-odd miles of the English Channel have yet to be crossed by an invader in force. 1066 has as yet been unrepeated. The airplane has taken away the inviolacy of British soil—though that inviolacy has never been absolute, witness the Zeppelins of the Four Years' War, the French landings in Wales and Ireland in the Wars of the French Revolution and Napoleon. But so far the "Invasion Coast" has not brought forth an invasion. The Germans are encamped at Boulogne as Napoleon's French were encamped at Boulogne—and thanks to Allied air power, a whole lot less comfortably. But the threat that seemed so real in 1940 has not been carried out, and unless the Russians are really wiped out, hardly seems likely to be. It looks as though, in spite of the magic of mod-

**NAPOLEON'S INVASION OF RUSSIA, 1812. By Eugene Tarlé. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 422 pp. $3.50.*

***NAPOLEON AT THE CHANNEL. By Carola Oman. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 298 pp., and index. $2.50.*

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ern transportation, Great Britain were still an island.

But Great Britain has lost, or at least drawn, wars without being actually invaded. Notably, of course, she lost to a coalition of the United States, France, Spain, and Holland in 1778-1783, and concluded a peace on the surface by no means advantageous to herself. This present struggle, especially, is no mere duel on the Channel between Germany and Great Britain. It is a struggle between two great groups of states, which used to be called coalitions, and, like half-a-dozen other wars before it, it is a World War conducted on many fronts. The Channel, Russia, the Middle East, China, the South Pacific, are parts of a whole, as the Channel, Central Europe, Russia, Spain, Canada, Egypt, and India were parts of a whole in the World Wars we now call the Napoleonic. Any effective comparison between the two must be based on generalizations at this higher level.

Now, in spite of such modern improvements as geopolitics, tanks, and airplanes, this present war, at the highest level of effective abstraction, seems essentially *the same kind of war* as the Napoleonic Wars, and indeed all the major wars of our European and American civilization since the close of the Middle Ages. These wars were wars between two alliances of nation-states, in each of which certain larger states, at least, could be described as "aggressors," "outs," or "have-nots," and others "aggressed upon," "ins," or "haves." Or, in old-fashioned terms, they were wars between a group of states attempting to upset the balance of power, or the *status quo*, and a group of states attempting to defend it. Of course, both the old and the new terms are, in comparison with the terms used in the natural sciences, of lamentable imprecision and with an even more lamentable surcharge of praise or blame. (Lamentable, that is, from the point of view of a certain kind of thinking, which is indeed not the only useful way of thinking.) To call France in 1812 or Germany in 1939 "have-nots" is certainly ambiguous, to say the least. But in a broad sense even these inadequate terms do correspond roughly with reality.

In all these wars of balance of power, one of the great aggressor powers has emerged more and more clearly as the war went on as aiming at such complete success that it could transcend the system of nation-states and attain hegemony, supremacy, and subject enemies and allies alike to a Holy Roman Empire, a Napoleonic "system," a Nazi "new order." For five hundred years, this power—the Holy Roman Empire of Charles V, the France of Louis XIV, the France of Napoleon, the Germany of Wilhelm II—has always failed. The form-sheet is certainly against the Germany of Hitler.

Again, the aggressor nation has, for five hundred years, always had Great Britain against it. Anglophobes and "realists" have not hesitated—and in this land of free speech do not even now hesitate—to remind us that during this long process Georgian and Victorian England managed to build up outside Europe something that looked a lot like world supremacy gained by aggression. There are even those who suggest that the United States has now inherited in this respect the role of Great Britain. But the fact remains that for five hundred years Britain has stayed out of Europe, has maintained the balance of power in Europe, the *Europäisches Staatensystem,* as the Germans themselves call it. And however "global" the present war has become, *it still focuses on Europe.* If Germany can successfully organize a supranational state in Europe, she will have done what no nation-state has done since nation-states emerged from the particularism of the Middle Ages.

Whether from this seemingly endless series of wars between combinations of nation-states some sort of supranational state, based on conquest if not on consent, may not even now be emerging is an interesting question, but a very hard one to answer hopefully. It is easier to attempt an answer to the more limited one, whether the Axis is likely to win this particular war.

The form-sheet is, as we have seen, against Germany and her partners. In the long run—and it is sometimes a very long run: one of Miss Oman's few trite anecdotes is the one about how Pitt, after Austerlitz, remarked, "Roll up the map of Europe. It will not be needed these ten years"—in the long run the aggressor power and its allies have always lost, because they have always proved weaker. They may have had the best army, the best generals, the greatest ruthlessness, they may have controlled the "Eurasian heartland" and had geopolitics on their side. But they lost, because they did not have the necessary all-around strength for a superhuman task. Notably, and specifically, they did not have sea-power, nor complete economic power, and they stirred up against themselves those very real forces the so-called "realists" tend to discount, the moral strength of those people they had temporarily beaten in a military sense.

In this all-around strength, the Axis is clearly inferior to the United Na-

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Argentina and the Axis

ARGENTINA, THE LIFE STORY OF A NATION. By John W. White. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 366 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN NAFT

THE appearance of a book of outstanding merit and lasting value among the avalanche of very ephemeral volumes on Latin America is a pleasant surprise for a student of Latin American affairs. There are probably very few men who have the background and are as competent to give a complete picture of Argentina, as John W. White, who has been living in South America for twenty-five years, most of that time in Argentina. He was the Latin American correspondent successively for the Associated Press, the *Chicago Tribune,* and the *Chicago News,* for ten years the chief South American correspondent of the *New York Times,* and now of the *New York Herald Tribune.*

White pulls no punches either when speaking of the present regime of Argentina or in his chapter Why Americans Are Disliked. The reader need not lose time to discover White's attitude because the author, who can by no means be classified as a "radical," dedicates his book to "that great Argentine Democrat Dr. Alfredo Palacios." Palacios is Argentina's sole Socialist Senator.

This book is particularly timely at present in view of Argentina's attitude toward hemisphere solidarity and the Axis powers, an attitude which may jeopardize the security of this whole continent. It gives a complete picture of the present conflict between Argentina's President Ramon Castillo, who calls his pro-fascism "neutrality," and the great majority of the liberal Argentine people strongly opposed to the aggressors. It describes the methods of Castillo's dictatorial rule carried on under a semi-parliamentary mask, with the help of the police and the army in the interest of two thousand cattle barons and landowning families, controlling each an average of 65,000 acres.

Even the historic section, describing the colonial period, is now of great timely value in view of the revived active "Hispanidad," propaganda of the Spanish Falangists, who promise Latin America the paradise under the New Order to be established after the reunion with Spain—as soon as the Axis powers are victorious. This propaganda is supported by the high clergy and by the feudal landowners who believe that their interests would fare better if protected by Franco (and Hitler in the background), than under a regime which might introduce social reforms.

In the Utopia of Hitler's New Order the manufacture of industrial products and machinery will be reserved to Germany, while the other peoples will be restricted to supplying raw materials and agricultural products. Exactly this relation existed between "mother" Spain and its colonies up to 130 years ago.

> The colonies were prohibited [we read in White's book] from engaging in industry, as that would have tended to make them economically independent of the mother country, which reaped exorbitant profits from selling them things which they could have made for themselves. The colonies were deliberately kept to the status of producers of raw materials, but even their production was restricted.

Analogies can also be found in the few pages giving the history of the dictator Rosas, who was the first in this hemisphere to introduce systems later perfected by the Gestapo. He organized the dreaded *Mazorca,* a body of spies and salaried assassins who, armed with knives, simply assassinated, without any preliminaries, those whom Rosas suspected of being potential opponents of his dictatorship. The others were "legally" executed. It is this Rosas whom the pro-Nazi and pro-falangist newspapers, such as the *Pampero* of Buenos Aires, glorify.

In the meantime Castillo practises his "neutrality" by issuing decrees to "prevent biased propaganda." On the basis of this decree several hundred meetings of Argentine democrats who wanted to express their sympathy to the United States after the attack on Pearl Harbor were prohibited. A message of President Roosevelt was to be read at these meetings. Instead Foreign Minister Guinazú delivered speeches in favor of Franco.

Argentina needs watching, and therefore this book about this agricultural country, seventy percent of whose population live in the cities, should be in the hands of everyone interested in world affairs.

To Fit the Crime

By Melville Cane

MOST cheerfully I imprecate a curse on
That quite unspeakable person
Who stoops to words like "worsen."
A murrain and a pox
Or a session in the stocks
I advocate for him or her who chooses
The actively intransitive "enthuses."
A billet in the enemy's front trenches
Is far too good for users of "portentious,"
While penalties no lighter than the previous—
Should swiftly fall on utterers of "grievious,"—
I claim, without hyperbole,
They're verbally,
Morally, reprehensibly devious.
Such hideous assaults upon the language
Fill me with rage and anguage.
In short,
They ort
To draw
A law
That all corrupters of our mother-tongue
Be forthwith and summarily forced to function in some other tongue.

—*From the book.*

Cowboys on the Pampas

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European Interlude

A WREATH FOR EUROPA. By Paul Tabori. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc. 1942. 336 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

MR. TABORI, though, as we learn, a surprisingly prolific writer, is a very young man. Born in 1908, he himself never knew that pre-1914 Europe for whose easy-going charms so many authors today are tempted to plait their more or less colorful wreath. And since Mr. Tabori's historical scholarship does not go very deep, he accepts at their face-value the phenomena of the great interlude of 1919 to 1939. This produces a sort of disarming naïveté and makes for a certain freshness. But his wreath, too, will fade pretty soon.

True, he has seen a lot, and undoubtedly, he is an open-minded journalistic observer. But the trouble with him is that he meant to "travel all over Europe" by mixing primarily, all over Europe's capitals, with their intelligentsia. "I recall the nights with pale-gray cigarette smoke; the nights through which we talked in Paris, in Vienna, in Berlin, in Budapest . . . In spite of all the silly tribal laws of nationalism we spoke a language which we all understood . . . When Moissi spoke the verses of 'Everyman' in front of the Salzburg Cathedral, his voice found its echo in the heart of every good European." As many an enthusiastic *bel esprit* before him, Mr. Tabori is overrating the political importance of literary and artistic achievements. It is all very well to line up what he seems to consider the flower of European twentieth century culture, 'the music of Debussy, the paintings of Picasso, the books of Wassermann and Ortega y Gasset, the magic art of Reinhardt . . .' But one cannot help wondering whether, by studying Ortega y Gasset's writings more thoroughly than he obviously did, Mr. Tabori couldn't have learned more of the powers that are to shape the world.

His book is not dull. But there is hardly a constructive thought in it—unless we consider Mr. Tabori's vague and superficial idea of an oversimplified "Europeism" as such. In fact, this very book proves, in practically every single chapter, how little "Europeism" as a way of life—and not as a mere slogan—may mean even to an internationalized European intellectual. "I have never been able to think of Italy as a country," so he begins his chapter on that country, which he boldly terms "the land of exhibitionists." He rather wants to look at the Italian cities—a backward step in his own much-advocated "Europeism."

Paul Tabori

Mr. Tabori is at his best when dealing with his native Hungary—and at the same time at his weakest. For here, his internationalism vanishes rapidly. The age-old Hungaro-Slav conflict lingers in his mind, however he may labor to do justice to his Slav fellow-Europeans. The hardships the Magyar middle-class went through after the Trianon Treaty are undeniable. But even more undeniable is the oppression before 1918 of the Middle European Slav masses and Hungary—so history teaches—had something to do with the frustrated reforms in that part of that unhappy continent.

In short, only friends who have known the deceased intimately, and for a long time, should lay a wreath on his grave—to use once more an altogether unfortunate figure of speech. Mr. Tabori should not aim that far. He is a good narrator. Such pieces as the sketch of Pietro Aretino, the sixteenth century millionaire poet who was born a cobbler's son, or his short history of the Café Florian in Venice are unusually well done. Unfortunately, a number of gross inaccuracies are likely to give the reader a feeling of uneasiness as to the rest of the author's "facts," too. For instance, the majority of the Czechs are by no means Protestants (as stated in full earnest on page 238); actually, at least seventy-five percent of them are Catholics. Thomas Mann—to quote another example—never lived in Bremen; he was born in Lübeck, and left that place in his early twenties.

And speaking of Thomas Mann: it was only after a long and thorny way, and after having written about half as many books as Mr. Tabori has published, that he succeeded in freeing himself completely from the shackles of national and social regionalism. There may be something to the hard way, after all.

Nurse's Aid

ONE PAIR OF FEET. By Monica Dickens. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

WHEN the vivacious great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens had seen all she wanted of the façade of English homes she crept around to their back doors and spent a year in their nether regions cooking, parlor-maiding, and taking notes. You may have read of her experiences in her "One Pair of Hands." Came the war and she backed her country's efforts in a dozen ways, none of which contented her. So she decided to take a nurse's training. She stuck it a little more than a year—she was apparently none too good at it—but she gathered material for a new book. She left the hospital to "build a tank," so she told the exasperated Matron. But first she had to write "One Pair of Feet." At present she is an inspector in a munitions factory. Will "One Pair of Eyes" come next?

After reading this book you will wonder why if nurses are needed in England, the censors failed to suppress it. Surely no girl hereafter will join the sisterhood unless she has a masochistic complex or feels that her destiny is committed. So perhaps the first thing to emphasize is that Miss Dickens is writing of an English hospital, and that here in America similar conditions have not existed for fifty years, if ever. Hard as is the first year in training everywhere, in this country it is assuredly not the endurance test Miss Dickens describes. Repellant, unnourishing food (mostly drippings, margarene, doughy potatos, tea, rice pudding), hours from 7.00 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. with three hours off, icy cold wards heated by little stoves, "sisters" (head-nurses to you) who are sadistic female bullies, fellow nurses who, with only one exception, are either petty and mean or dumb and silly or both, make up a pretty dreary picture, you might think. But you would be wrong. In spite of perpetual grousing most of the nurses loved it, and so apparently did Miss Dickens. She undoubtedly sets out to debunk hospitals of romance and glamour, but never for a minute does she forget to be gay, even "hilarious" to quote the publisher's blurb. The ward patients are lovable, "quaint," there are lots of stories, malicious little character sketches, little sprees of all kinds, although to our surprise love affairs between doctors and nurses are conspicuously absent. But if you are thinking of nursing as a career better not read it. Try a life of Florence Nightingale instead.

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Dorrance . . .

THE SUNDOWNERS. By Ward Dorrance. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 343 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS second Missouri narrative by Ward Dorrance proves satisfactorily that the author did not exhaust his materials in one book. "The Sundowners" reveals a vast and loving knowledge of central Missouri, its countryside, its traditions, its people. This border state, more South than North, has always had a kind of social and economic fluidity not to be found in the deep South, where dividing lines are more fixed. In this novel the author accurately makes the plantation owners and their spacious houses thoroughly American—with pioneer trimmings; there is no imitation of English gentlemen and their country "places," as was not uncommon in South Carolina, Virginia, and elsewhere. The poor whites are men and women, not sociological cases; and the Negroes, who are neither comic witlings, nor fawning serfs, are treated without patronage and condescension.

The novel is better by the inch than by the yard. The first third is almost entirely description, description, to be sure, at its most tolerable, often as lyrical as Tom Wolfe's if not so impetuous. The backgrounds of Noel Shelley (a rare name in the Mid-West!) are meticulously painted, and so cheerfully that only the startling frankness of modern realism prevents this part of the novel from fluttering into a pastoral idyl. Later we realize that all this preliminary attention to the rhythm of everyday life on the plantation is necessary to stress the theme of the novel. Finally, past the middle of the book, things begin to happen—after the author introduces a tornado to accelerate the action. The last section is excellent. A sinister turn of events drives Noel from his beloved plantation to St. Louis, where life to him is ugly, shallow, absurd. But fortunately for him he not only could go home again, but did.

The novel is crammed with good things. First of all, there is the deep love between the boy and his wise and humorous grandfather—a precious relationship always; the visit to the sou-pinching French relatives, as incongruous in the Ozarks as two hillbillies would be in St. Brieuc; the coon hunt; the funeral; the second marriage of the senile grandfather; the feel of the outdoors and the great beauty of common things. The abrupt close of the novel leads one to hope for a sequel.

Ann Chidester

Kandel . . .

THE STONES BEGIN TO DANCE. By Aben Kandel. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 192 *pp.* $2.

MR. KANDEL once wrote another novel about New York, called "City for Conquest." It was longer than this one and better, not because of its length but entirely because of its genuineness and sincerity. "The Stones Begin to Dance" is a short and beautifully, too beautifully, written fable, very slight in materials, very slight in emotions, padded with pretensions. The pretension takes two forms. First there is the prose, which is by turns broodingly poetic and tenderly whimsical, as Mr. Kandel turns from Mr. Marco, the East Side market philosopher, to the retinue of Serbs, Czechs, Russians, Poles, Turks who make up the chorus. And these form the second pretension, which is that we are beholding a fine representative cross-section of New York life at its seamiest. But the effect is rather that of a sentimental vaudeville sketch, or, better, a class B scenario, stocked with the casting office's best character actors, complete in strong accents, with a beautiful fade-out at the end as old Mr. Marco dies and sees the stones dance at last.

If we seem a little vehement here, it is out of disappointment. Mr. Kandel knows this isn't real, and he knows how to write honest, imaginative prose, instead of such phony phrases as "He panned slowly down the side of the skyscraper—" when the man was merely looking. The tone is slick and insincere. The people are "characters." Can't we get somebody to write a novel as big, as chaotic, as unpredictable and uncontrolled, as New York?

N. L. R.

Chidester . . .

YOUNG PANDORA. By Ann Chidester. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 399 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

HERE is a book with a certain rare unmistakable vein of youth, vigor, and genius, of a sort we have seen once before, and your elation or indifference will be in this first novel determined by whether or not you loved the work of Thomas Wolfe. But this much is certain, that here, in the same accents, spouting the same wild, rich, torrential words, out of the same bardic, passionate heart, is the voice we had not hoped to hear again so soon, an angel looking homeward.

Miss Chidester may not be pleased with being discussed in terms of another writer; but the parallel is inevitable, even as it is equally clear that it is a parallel, not a dependence. Miss Chidester does admire Wolfe, as she says somewhere in her book, and must have absorbed his work utterly. There are so many of his themes and habits in her work—his poetizing and rhapsodics, the influence of Whitman, the father theme, the strung adjectives one upon the other, the worship of October, the same marvellous character-painting, the sense of scene, place, American names and towns and rivers. Jody Barker is sister to Eugene Gant. But the essential drive that burnt at the heart of Wolfe, and burns now in Ann Chidester, is not borrowed or learned. It belongs now to her as it did to him, and it informs her work with a power and beauty that is not derivative but altogether her own, altogether creative. It is the great hungry seeking after life, the anguish of endless reaching, and the joy of that anguish. Wolfe called it man's hunger in his youth, and we see now that it can be woman's hunger too. Jody Barker is different from Eugene Gant, too, in that she is not as ferociously lonely as he was, not as perversely self-destructive. She does find some of the things he hungered after, a satisfying love, certain rich human contacts, an understanding of her function and destiny, and a coming to grips with her work. Jody Barker is wholler than Gant. Is it possible that we may get from Ann Chidester a body of work as whole as that which Wolfe would have achieved?

Miss Chidester's book is not perfect, but she will find no suggestions here. She is a writer who is fiercely bent upon perfection and growth; you will find that implicit and explicit throughout the book.

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The Saturday Review
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COMMANDOS

IN a total military and ideological conflict like this one, it helps morale to straighten up occasionally and try to see what is happening in historical perspective. Not perhaps in aspects of eternity, as the generations bred on the classics would have known was what they ought to try to do. The tempo of this war is too rapid, and eternity, as science has defined it, too remote, for such metaphysical speculation: the industrial age, having subdued nature, is in such a desperate struggle to master its machines before these mills of the gods grind up civilization, that whoever stops to look at eternity is likely to get a bomb in his front yard or land in a concentration camp. But it is well to remember, now and then, that, even if in this crisis all time seems to be concentrated in the present, we have not escaped from the slow revolvings of history.

Seen this way, all the great wars have been like the commando raids, moments of adventurous activity in which courage, sacrifice, suffering, destruction, all reach an intensity which cannot be sustained. The commando does not end the job, it begins it. The commando shows what brave men can do and how the enemy can be defeated. Afterwards (so we hope) army and air force and navy and political administrators follow, complete the conquest, and begin reorganization. Forrester has a story of a soldier of Wellington's army, cut off from his detachment, who organized a commando of his own against the French, turned the war in Spain from defensive to offensive, and then, hardly aware of what energies he had generated, under necessity turned common soldier again, while the generals carried on toward the destruction of Napoleon.

Great wars are like commando raids in this respect, that it is impossible to say whether they were good wars or bad wars, successful or unsuccessful, without studying what happens after they are over and their valors and patriotisms, as well as their waste and cruelties, become only paragraphs in a history book. And even the most amateur reader of history must see that again and again the warring nation has been like Forrester's soldier, unaware of the extent to which in fighting he has raised all his energies to a new line of capacity, relaxing back into low gear—a tank become a delivery wagon.

Perhaps this war is different and there is a general realization that we cannot stop fighting when we stop bombing and shooting. It is probably wishful thinking to believe that this is so. But at least, the new term, "for the duration," which came into common use in the last war, indicates some change in thinking. Soldiers in earlier wars were rarely enlisted for the duration. They served their term and were supposed to be honorably discharged. Now we put no limits on service except ability to serve. Stretch the term "duration" to cover the real length of a war period, and what is asked of a belligerent nation begins to fit the facts.

The point is, of course, that, in historical perspective, this global war is only in its commando stage. It has to be fought through before the next stage can begin, but that stage, which will be an attempt to construct or reinstruct a workable global civilization, is just as much part of the historical war as the battle of Britain or the battle of Russia. The grave question, which in the past has usually been answered in the negative, is whether the great energies involved in a shooting war, and the immense capacities for organization and administration developed behind the lines to keep the shooting going, can be kept up for the whole duration of a war period which ends only when the world is again busy with life instead of death. It is customary to say just now that the last war was futile in this respect, that the peace collapsed because the great abilities developed in that war were lost in death, or disintegrated in a hopeless attempt to bring back out-of-date normalcy. That is only half true. Not enough of the fine ambition and self-sacrificing energy of that first world war remained alive and aflame to save the peace. Yet it is certain that, when the history of the first half of the nineteenth century is written, it will be made clear that the twenties and thirties were not all failure. New types of world organization, new and realistic ideals for civilization, and new ideas of racial responsibility were got under way as a result of the lessons of the war, that may prove to be fertile when we get past this terrible interlude of killing.

The question still remains, will there be enough energy left to fight the war after the war, when the shooting is over? Can the high pitch of the human will, characteristic of a period of armed conflict, be this time kept up for the real duration? Is it ever possible to beat swords into ploughshares without a fatal loss in the terrible strength of the metal? There is no answer yet, except that, willy nilly, every man, woman, and child in the globe, not now in old age, is this time certainly in the war and the after war for the duration. No escaping into normalcy. No letting down into low gear unless we want to be run over by anarchy, economic chaos, and new wars meaninglessly destructive. We are all enlisted; nobody except the dead will be discharged. And if this greater intensity of living, which is one of the few truly valuable by-products of war, continues for what will have to be regarded as the duration for all of us, there is evidently point, as well as necessity, in keeping up, and lifting higher, our morale. H. S. C.

For Lovers in Ascension

By Starr Nelson

TIME holds this man and woman in his hand
That swings between the glittering fronds of stars.
A moment on the palm of Time they stand,
Travelling the upward arc, and ringed with light.
Below them falls the blur of winds and wars,
The vanishing earth, the spindrift of the night.
Each sees Time's face—the beloved's, magnified
Ten-million-fold—loom over the miniature
In the pure white palm. Marvellous with pride
The eyes like planets, for these lovers fear
No force that gathered them together here.

Though Time in another stride, in a moment more,
Drop his great hand and the beautiful figures sever—
Never grieve for them falling to the dark earth, O Lovers!
For they leave themselves in Time as the scarlet flower
Is printed in the fruit. In the heavenly core
Of light their mortal fire burns on forever.

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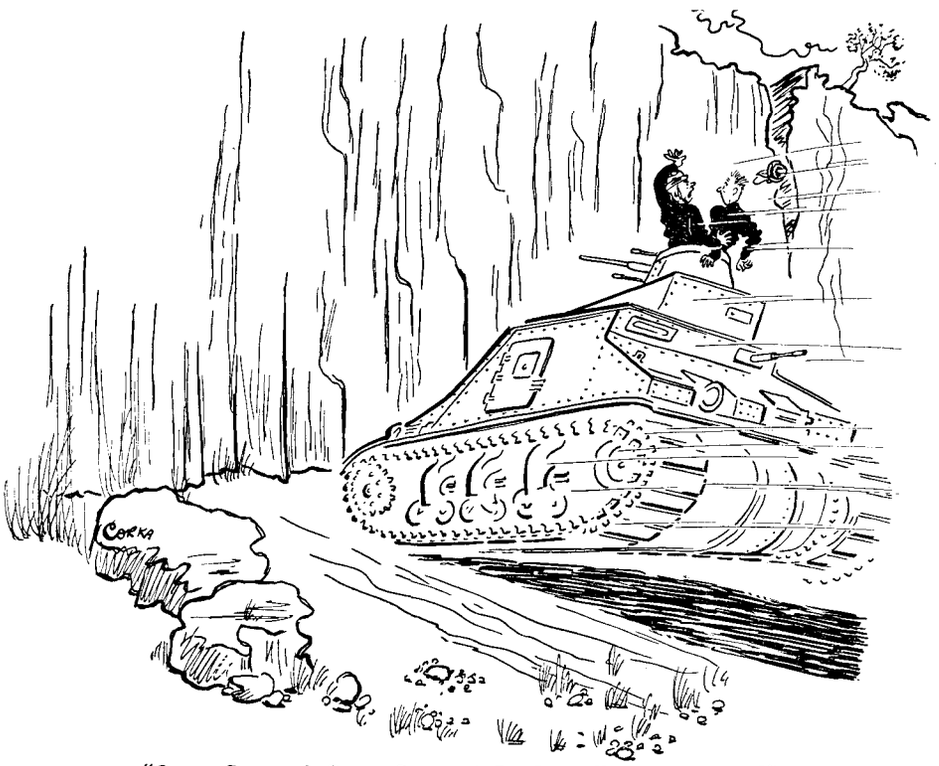
Capt. Frierson Speaks

SIR:—I have generally thought it savored of sour grapes for an author to reply to a critic. After all, a book should justify itself. But suppose there is a sharp divergence in temperament and opinion? Suppose an author writes a book sympathetic to realistic tendencies and the critic holds out for romantic ones. Certainly the book could never justify itself with the critic. The author must take up for it and leave the decision to readers.

I refer to a review by R. Ellis Roberts of "The English Novel in Transition, 1885-1940" (*Saturday Review of Literature,* July 11). The critic not only wished me to write a different book but a different conclusion. I heartily disagree with his conclusion. He states it quite baldly, "More than in any other country the novel in England has been a vehicle of that sense of wonder which has been the distinguishing mark of the great romantic movement."

Does the critic seriously contend that the direction of the English novel's progress for fifty-five years has been other than realistic? If so, he is at variance with the other histories of the English novel. The main outline of my thesis is well authenticated. Naturalism was the first major influence that transformed the English novel. A heated controversy over it was followed by adaptations of naturalistic technique. Implied social criticism was inherent in naturalism and the "truth" which emerged was a behavioristic "truth." By 1910 generalities on human conduct were not so satisfying. Interest turned from the world without to the world within. It was an intensified realistic urge which produced the "life-novel.' The search, through a thinly-veiled biography or autobiography, was for a way of life. And the spiritual probing of the Russian novel provided a stimulus. Then came the war. To the post-war world the intensities of spiritual biography were not congenial. Yet it was again a realistic urge which resulted in the "private worlds" of sophisticates and others. The author's views were expounded through protagonists, and the truths of science were looked upon as the only tenable truths. Stream-of-consciousness and the "time-sequence" were technical devices sometimes used for a closer approximation to reality. After 1930 the tone became lighter. Various models from forty years of experimentation with realistic techniques were used.

This simplified rehash obviously indicates that the impetus for fifty-odd years was toward truth-telling in the light of scientific materialism. Four careful chapters on English periodical comment substantiated the conclusions. The book is avowedly written to give the main directions of change.



"Open Sesame! Open Sesame! Is that all you can say?"

Yet Mr. Roberts laments as "the most serious of all Mr. Frierson's errors" the fact that the author neglected "imaginative and fantastic novels." Mr. Roberts desires treatment of Walter de la Mare, Forrest Reid, Ethel Colburn Mayne, Conal O'Riordan, Richard Hughes, David Garnett, Viola Meynell, Mary Butts, Francis Stuart, Charles Williams, and Austin Clarke.

Among "chief faults" Mr. Roberts indicates

> a refusal or inability to distinguish between novelty of presentation and novelty of content in fiction. Mr. H. G. Wells, in many fantasies, for instance, and, among younger authors, Olaf Stapledon and E. R. Eddison (both unmentioned by Mr. Frierson), have written books novel in content; James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and to some extent D. H. Lawrence, are innovators only in presentation.

Of course one can't reply to anything like this, even if he can figure out what it means. I rest my case (whatever it is) on the fact that Mr. Roberts speaks of Joyce and Lawrence as "innovators only in presentation." Good Lord!

I object to misstatements. Mr. Roberts states that I believe Gilbert Cannan's "Mendel" a self-portrait. On page 203 I plainly state:

> Cannan doubtless makes a Jew his hero, much as Rolland did a German, in order to treat the development of genius as a subject outside the range of national traditions, social judgments, and conventional valuations. The novel is essentially about Art and Life; it is an exposition of the possibilities of life in its more intense aspects, where despair and hope and failure and exhilaration alternate from page to page.

At no point do I suggest that "Mendel" is a self-portrait. I am not aware that Charles Marriett was a disciple of the naturalists, as Mr. Roberts implies. Nor can I see that George Moore "tried to stabilize the form of the novel." He denounced naturalism after having approved it, and then went into spiritual biography, historical romance, and what have you.

I am not impressed with the suggestion of the critic that I should have dealt with authors who made England their home "for brief or long periods": Ambrose Bierce, Stephen Crane, Harold Frederic, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Elizabeth Robins, Logan Pearsall Smith. My book is about the English novel.

There seems to be little point in a reviewer mentioning a number of minor writers whom the literary historian has decided to omit. Once upon a time there existed a criterion for criticism: what has the author set himself to do? is it worth doing? has he done it? I suggest that some return to a pattern would eliminate much whimsy and verbiage. A review is not a place for a reviewer to parade his knowledge of minutiae rejected by the author. And a publication of modern tone might well hesitate to hand over a critique of the modern novel to a critic who is not modern.

WILLAM C. FRIERSON.
Miami Beach, Florida.

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Orientation for Our Soldiers

THE BACKGROUND OF OUR WAR. Prepared by the War Department Bureau of Public Relations. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 279 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PENDLETON HERRING

THIS book is of most interest as a portent for the future. It is a competent job, written in a clear expository style setting forth the major events in the campaigns in Poland, France, Norway, Russia, and the Balkans. Here is told the battle of Britain, and of China, and the struggle in the Atlantic and in the Mediterranean. The military operations from September, 1939 to December 8, 1941 are recounted. The record is made clear; the facts are eloquent enough in themselves. The larger significance of this volume lies not in what it is (there are many treatments of the war that rival it on various counts) but rather in the purpose for which it was written and used.

The book is a collection of the lectures prepared for the orientation courses given in our army camps. "In mid-November of 1941, as America's new army was completing the first year of its training, the War Department Bureau of Public Relations was given a directive, unique in our military history. The men in uniform were to be told the full story of the events which had finally compelled America to rearm and to prepare once more for major war. The Orientation Course shortly became an integral feature of every soldier's basic military training." Hence the reader can turn to this volume for insight into the spirit and means by which the War Department discharged a very difficult task under pressure of time. Chief credit for getting the orientation program off to a good start should go to Colonel Herman Berkema and his West Point colleagues who prepared the first drafts of the lectures. The War Department Bureau of Public Relations followed through with the plan and its ultimate success depended upon the commanding officers in the various camps who actually directed the instruction. The soldiers liked the course. Unavoidably there was some unevenness among both lecturers and lectured. But observers report that the plan was well worth while. As a reader, one is most impressed with the cool factual and utterly rational tone of the reprinted lectures. The officers in charge of the program assumed that our soldiers would respond to straightforward analysis of military operations. Now that war has come is Mars pedagogue enough? The War Department does not think so.

The Army Orientation Course is very actively continuing. Efforts are made to provide eye witness lecturers. The preparation of films is under way with the aid of Walt Disney and others. Movies will probably replace some of the formal lectures. A "Newsmap" is being used and other graphic means for instruction are being devised.

We need to encourage among the army rank and file an understanding of the course of World War II and this nation's position in the broad picture. Our armed forces will probably be more effective if the men can grasp intelligently the outline of events in the far-spread theaters of warfare. A high sense of purpose is demanded if men are freely to give their lives in defending beach heads, deserts, and jungles which were once dimly remembered names in school geographies. It may prove to be good tactics to teach our soldiers the relationship between their sacrifices, and the blood shed by their fellows in the Antipodes and the Arctic Circle. "The Background of Our War" suggests a policy that deserves a place in the foreground of attention in the months ahead. Here is further evidence that books have a place in our arsenal. The way in which the War Department has discharged this unique educational program warrants confidence in any further work along these lines. Civilian lecturers coöperated with army officers. Maps and pamphlets were used to good effect. Commanding officers noted that this type of instruction improved the attitude of many men toward their duties.

The greatest job of "conversion" before this country today is the transforming of civilians into fighters. A sense of professional competence is basic and this, of course, grows from skill in handling arms and working together in combat units. Beyond this there must always be the will to fight. For a democratic army this probably rests in a clear-eyed view of what the war's about. This seems to be the assumption upon which our army leaders are proceeding. "The Background of Our War" is tangible evidence to this effect.

A Record for Collectors

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE STRAWBERRY HILL PRESS. With a Record of the Prices at Which Copies Have Been Sold. By A. T. Hazen. Together with a Bibliography and Census of the Detached Pieces by A. T. Hazen and J. P. Kirby. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. 300 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS admirable compendium started out to be a catalogue of Strawberry Hill Press imprints in the superb Horace Walpole collection of W. S. Lewis at Farmington, Connecticut. Both Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hazen, however, believed the ends of scholarship and of utility alike would be better served if the book included imprints which Mr. Lewis lacks (there are not many) and if it described interesting copies in other collections. The result is an inclusive bibliography of one of the most fascinating publishing ventures ever undertaken.

Mr. Hazen's job was rendered the more difficult for himself, and the more exhilarating for the reader (this is a bibliography that can actually be read), by the duplicity of Thomas Kirgate, Walpole's last printer, who forged numerous units and sold them to his own profit. "He was never bibliographically uninteresting," modestly understates Mr. Hazen.

In his equally modest preface Mr. Lewis takes full responsibility for "the decision to print the prices." "I am aware," he writes, "that there has always been a certain reticence in printing these, a reticence which the collector does not always show in private conversation. It seems to me that this reticence is partly false modesty and partly affectation"—a conclusion with which we are in fullest accord.

This is a thorough and competent job of research, organization, and presentation. The Yale University Press has dressed it with a sturdiness and dignity wholly suited to its purpose.

The famous English poet, Shelley, was no swimmer, and his tragic fate was to be drowned in a storm at sea. Self-preservation, it has been said of him, was not as with most of us the *first* law of nature, but the last. One day in Italy Shelley was admiring the aquatic feats of his famous friend, Trelawny, when the other said, "You can't swim only because you think you can't! Try it! Take a header in the water!" Divesting himself of jacket and trousers, in Shelley plunged, and promptly was lying on the bottom "like a conger eel." Trelawny fished him out nearly drowned. When he had got his breath again, the poet gasped, "I always sink to the bottom of the well, and they say Truth lies there. In another moment I should have found her!"

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A New Pontigny

GUSTAVE COHEN

BEFORE the first World War, the French professor and philosopher Paul Desjardins, who had been director of the Ecole de Sèvres and was a prominent figure of modern humanism, bought from the State the ruins of the old Cistercian Abbey of Pontigny on the Burgundian border to turn it into an international home for the thinkers of Europe. Every summer since the foundation in 1910 of the *Décades,* or ten-day discussion periods, some of the most outstanding representatives of European culture were invited there, the only bond between them being a certain acquaintance with the French language and an equal sincerity in the search for truth.

The subject of the first post-war Decade, in 1922, was "Honor and Fiction," from courtly love—that great invention of the Provençal twelfth century—to Nietzsche, by way of the national ideals of the gentleman: the *cortigiano,* the *honnête homme,* the *caballero.* A characteristic feature of that symposium was that no one argued; they conversed, an art for which France has always been justly famous as it was when Montaigne wrote his "Art de Conférer."

On that Decade of 1922, we have the testimony of André Gide in his "Journal," which records the presence of the distinguished novelists Roger Martin du Gard, Jean Schlumberger, Edmond Jaloux, the subtle critic Charles Du Bos and "the charming Maurois, author of a sprightly little book ('The Silences of Colonel Bramble') which I had read with much amusement at Cambridge; he is a charming person, wide-awake, courteous, and last but not least a man with a fine culture." Gide then deplores the absence of Bennett, Bunin, and Lytton Strachey, all friends of his; "next year we must enlarge the scope of our symposium."

The subject for 1924 was the Muse and Grace, that is, the relationship between poetry and mysticism. Max Scheler and Bernard Groethuysen spoke for Germany; the Frenchmen were Du Bos, Jean Baruzi, now professor at the Collège de France, and Louis Massignon, world famous authority on the mystics of Islam; Jane Harrison represented England, Chekov the Slavs, Salvador de Madariaga the Spaniards. Pontigny, writes Curtius, was a European microcosm. Now we have transferred Pontigny to Mount Holyoke College from the seventeenth of August to the twelfth of September under the inspiration of our Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes.

What this new institution means to American life is sufficiently known. Is it not significant that as soon as French intellectuals appeared united a few months ago under the red, white, and blue flag with the cross of Lorraine, all free people—the Belgians, who are equal in rights at our school, the Poles, Dutch, Greeks, Czechs, Italians, Spaniards, Armenians, Persians, Koreans—joined our colors which are those of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality?

Our Franco-Belgian Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes is not to be regarded as a machine for propaganda but rather as a permanent link between American and French universities, as a bridge between American and French culture, France appearing as the legitimate heir to Rome and Greece, transferring this legacy, not as the last will and testament of a defunct nation, but as an ever living, ever growing inheritance.

We decided to split the talks into several sections, replacing a single subject by a number of sections directed by the most notable specialists: in the field of politics Raoul Aglion, Max Gottschalk, Henri Grégoire, Gumbul, André Istel, Jean Sylvain Weiller, B. Mirkine-Guetzévitch; in the field of literature René de Messières, André Morize, Henri Peyre, André Spire; Auguste Viatte, Gustave Cohen; in the field of philosophy Alexandre Koyré, Denis de Rougemont, Paul Schrecker; in the field of sociology Louis R. Frank, Georges Gurwitch, Paul Vignaux; in the field of psychology Raymond de Saussure; on the role of science in the society of tomorrow Jacques Hadamard of the Institut de France; on the struggle against undernourishment in the Europe of tomorrow Brouha and C. P. Leblond; on the role of the movies in modern society Jean Benoît-Lévy. Other talks will be conducted by French and American scholars. Therefore many competent men; not one man. This may have its advantages and its drawbacks: lack of unity for the whole, deeper penetration in the details. But the principle of Pontigny remains the same: a short survey followed by a long discussion in which listeners take a lively part without fear of ridicule.

HISTORY AND PREDICTION

(*Continued from page 4*)

tions, and therefore in the long run the Axis should lose. But has the Axis some special strength that can achieve what Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Wilhelm II failed to achieve? Surely no magic strength, no monopolized weapon that can bring total victory. Technological skill and economic resources are too evenly distributed on both sides today for any such magic of the pulp-magazines to work. Nor any wave of the future. This is not a war of youthful Germany, Italy, Japan against old, burnt-out and dying Britain, Russia, China, and the United States — except in Axis propaganda. Nor will "rejuvenated" fit the case, at least as the Axis wants it to fit. Napoleon's France was "rejuvenated" in 1789 at least as definitely as Nazi Germany in 1933, and yet France lost. Nor is the weaker Axis building strength as it goes along. If the potential strength of all the lands now held by Axis arms could be regarded as a single fighting *bloc,* the odds in their favor would certainly be improved. But the evidence is overwhelming that, though the Axis may have Skoda and Renault—what is left of Renault—and Malayan rubber, though it may get the oil of the Caucasus, it has not won over any important conquered people. Indeed, the Germans and Japanese in 1942 have apparently done a much less successful job than the French in 1812 in winning over their beaten enemies. Some very decent Germans in 1812 were thrilled by the promise of the Marseillaise and of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." No decent Frenchmen have been thrilled to sympathy by the threat of the Horst Wessel song and "Blood and Soil."

There remains—and it is not negligible—the possibility of a compromise peace, a peace of mutual exhaustion. One such peace came during the long agony of 1792-1814, marked by the treaties of Lunéville and Amiens in 1801 and 1802. Britain decided that she might as well appease Napoleon with the Low Countries, and give up the attempt to drive him from power. British tourists crowded the Channel packets, flocked to the re-opened delights of Paris. Fox dined with the First Consul. A few months later, many of those tourists began their ten years' stay in French prison-camps. The glorious compromise peace of Amiens lasted eighteen months. But perhaps the parallel will not hold this time. The British have already tried the appeasement of Hitler. This peace with honor they called Munich. One Amiens, one Munich, is usually enough.

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The War in Africa

DESERT WAR. By Russell Hill. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 310 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RAOUL AGLION

IT has been said that the war would be won or lost in Africa. That is true. It is in, in fact, on the shores of the Mediterranean that the fate of present civilization will be determined. This war has swept over all the European continent. Cities and fortifications have neither hindered nor delayed the advance of the German armies, but it is of interest that the immense stretches of seas and the great desert plains of Africa have been, up to the present, the only surfaces on which it has been possible to slow the march of Hitler's armies.

Egypt, key to the three continents, has always been considered the strategic place which must be conquered in order to insure command over all the world. That is why the greatest conquerors whom the world has known, Caesar, Alexander, Napoleon, established themselves upon the shores of the Nile. Will Mussolini or Hitler be able to follow in their steps? Up to the present all that can be said is that the special airplane ordered by Mussolini to take him to Cairo two months ago was carefully stored again in its hangar in Rome to wait for a better moment.

Mr. Russell Hill, foreign correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune,* has really been in all the places where Rommel's armies have just passed. The book he has just published is an answer to all the questions asked at present about desert warfare.

"Desert War" begins at the moment when General Wavell, who had carried on that magnificent Libyan campaign (one of the most brilliant campaigns of English military history), was sent to the Indies to be replaced by Generals Auchinleck and Ritchie, who themselves were replaced just a few days ago by General Alexander. It contains interesting descriptions of the English blitz when in last November they had for the first time adopted the Wehrmacht's technique and had succeeded in proving that the German armies were not invincible either. All the life of the desert, with its grandeurs, its tyranny and its dangers, is admirably described in it, while certain fights are pictured in the most minute detail. There are stories, very amusingly told.

Hill describes with what stupefaction he learned of the presence of Miss Curie in the desert.

> I was surprised to hear someone mention "Miss Curie" as being in the desert.
>
> "Miss Curie?" I asked. "What do you mean?"
>
> "Why, you ought to know. She works for your paper!"
>
> "It's the first I have heard about it," I said.
>
> "Well, she's making a trip around the world for the *Herald Tribune* and is visiting the Libyan Desert on her way through."

But if Mr. Hill was astonished, a pilot of Polish aviation was still more so when Miss Curie approached him, addressing him in the purest Polish.

All of which goes to prove that the desert is a curious place where encounters are much more frequent than is generally believed.

The book contains magnificent descriptions of the battle of Tobruk and of the admirable resistance of English forces besieged in this town. It ends at the time of the last retreat of the Eighth Army.

What is the conclusion of the last advance of General Rommel which brought him to El Alamein where he finally remained? Perhaps nothing of moment.

> So nothing was really decided. Thousands of men were killed. Large quantities of material were destroyed. Great deeds of personal heroism were performed. Generals devised brilliant plans and made costly errors. Weapons and tactics were tested under ideal fighting conditions. It looks as though it will all have to be done over again. Perhaps it will be done better the next time. Perhaps that narrow desert front will eventually be eliminated. Or perhaps the armies will remain opposed to each other in Cyrenaica until the war has been decided on other battle fields.

Elegies on France

DIE HELLEN NAECHTE. Gedichte aus Frankreich. By Hans Sahl. New York: Barthold Fles Verlag. 1942. 70 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by MARIANNE HAUSER

THIS is a collection of poems about the fall of France, written by a German who was driven out of his country by Hitler, and put into concentration camp by French authorities at the outbreak of the war.

Of the many authentic books that have come out since France's defeat, this is perhaps one of the deepest. The German language, so painfully distorted for us by Nazi orators, comes to life once again in a style as musical as Heine's. Hans Sahl reaches across the bulk of immediate happenings, and through short, impressionistic scenes—the ghostly sight of a lonely gas mask on a stone, a French soldier drinking in front of his tank as the loudspeaker yells "the fatherland's gratitude," the roofs of Paris within a window frame, sheep grazing outside the fence of the camp—he translates political realism into human reality.

Deliberately he presents most of the poems not as polished and finished pieces, but rather as sketches, poetic reactions toward an age which in itself seems unpoetic and "unrhymed." With haunting intenseness he invokes the fate of France and the lot of those who were not allowed to fight for her freedom, but had to flee from both friend and foe, carrying "the banners of all nations," hard on their heels the "new order" which actually is not new, but "very old—as old as prison walls."

Hans Sahl is at his best as long as he remains concise and simple in style. The few melodramatic and obviously Hölderlin-inspired pieces ("Elegie," "Apokalypse," "Epilog") do not reach nearly the deep eloquence of those poems which tell concretely of the refugees' flight through France such as "Die Ballade vom Zusammenbruch." Here, one of the ugliest chapters of France's fall, which we thought we had understood sufficiently from newspaper reports and biographies, arises with a force so new and gripping, it seems as if we had never quite seen the true face of it all before. In his "ballad," Sahl gives us an unforgettable picture of the refugees fleeing through France, starved and beaten, their clothes worn to rags.

> And we slept in the woods and on the roads
> We slept upon boxes and benches
> We talked in our sleep and we slept as we walked . . .

In Marseille's blackout, the "blackout of souls that sell themselves at night," they wait for the official permission to leave a country which does not want them. Neither "alive nor dead" they wait before the doors of consulates, booking seats on "phantom ships."

But Marseille is not only the town of hunger and waiting. Purpose and anxiety vanish before the dreamlike vision of Marseilles's harbor:

> Masts in the harbor
> Boats that rest
> Men lie asleep
> Below the masts,
> Seagulls swarming
> Hanging sails
> Morning veils
> Above the harbor.

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A letter about a sea story

from CHARLES NORDHOFF, co-author of *Mutiny on the Bounty*

"I read THE RAFT with the greatest of pleasure.

"As you say on the jacket, the feat of these three Navy airmen surpasses Captain Bligh's famous boat-voyage; nothing like it, so far as I know, has been accomplished in all the annals of the sea. And Mr. Trumbull has set down the story magnificently, so that I, for one, forgot that I was not reading Bomber-Pilot Dixon's own words. THE RAFT is a book to read through at one sitting, but unlike most thrillers in this category, it is a book to read again and again. There is a nobility in this story which uplifts the soul, warms the heart, and exhibits, simply and with restraint, the qualities that lie dormant in most men in times of peace. I hope that THE RAFT may have a wide circulation, and that it may remain in print for many years."

THE Raft

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- *"The Raft* is a knockout!" —*William Rose Benét*
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The Phoenix Nest

The Way of Imperfection

SANDRO WOOD of Westport, Connecticut, sends us the following:

"Once upon a time there was a hypochondriac who—though his digestion was excellent—believed that his delicate system required a most winnowed choice of viands. His physician, in order to humor him, prescribed a light and carefully varied diet. But the hypochondriac was not satisfied.

"'I want to know, Doctor,' he said, 'how much of this food really contributes to the building up of my system, and how much is waste material.'

"'That,' observed the sage physician, 'I cannot possibly tell you without recondite analysis and nice calculation.'

"'Then,' said the hypochondriac, in a rage, 'I will not eat your food. You are an impostor, Sir, and a charlatan, and I believe now your friends who told me that you were a homoeopath in disguise.'

"'My dear Sir,' replied the unmoved physician, 'if you will eat nothing but what is entire nutriment, you will soon need to consult, not a doctor, but a chameleon. To what purpose are digestive organs, unless to secrete what is nutritious, and excrete what is innutritious!'

"And the moral is—no, the reader shall have a pleasure denied to him in his outraged childhood. He that hath understanding, let him understand."

This is what Francis Thompson calls an apologue, and he tacks it on to his essay 'The Way of Imperfection." He had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote this "timely protest" against "unendurable excellence," but for all his kidding, Thompson's digging deep. Still I wish he'd cleared up his apologue with a note or two. Or will somebody volunteer to elucidate?

For Those Who Love Walking

Whether or not you love it, most of you—who do not belong to those idle rich who still don't know there's a war on, and have no intention of helping out the Government on either gasoline or tires—most of you may have to take up walking again. And the Autumn that will soon be upon us is a prize time for pedestrianism. If you try walking in the country, slip into your pocket a little book recently published by the Oxford Press, called "On Foot: An Anthology Selected by Hugh MacDonald. Its watchword is from "Paradise Lost";

For earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale.

As a matter of fact, except for the booze-and-speed hounds, most sane people will welcome a lessening of incessant automobile traffic everywhere in the country. Once again certain roads may be reclaimed for walking, without constant leaping into the undergrowth to avoid rollicking nitwits in big cars. There's a little bit of everything in this little book: Matthew Arnold's Hinksey Ridge and Fyfield Elm, Dorothy Wordsworth's "unseen birds singing in the mist," Edward Lear's "great Gromboolian plain," Will Kemp's historic morrice-dance from London to Norwich, which Alfred Noyes wrote up in one of the best of his ballads (though this breviary has but the beginning of the historic account), Shelley's paper-navy on the Round Pond, Queen Elizabeth's royal progress, Corinna going a-Maying, a travel of the inimitable Baron Munchausen and so on. One of the most attractive of the numerous poems included is Martin Armstrong's account of a certain Miss Thompson going shopping. He escorts her to market, to the bootmaker's, to the chemist's and finally home. Leaving Mr. Miles's, the fishmonger's, she succumbs to the temptation of a pair of scarlet plush slippers at the bootmaker's—a temptation she had hitherto resisted. The end of the poem, as she climbs the downs on her way home, is very nice:

But loudly, sweetly sang the slippers
In the basket with the kippers;
And loud and sweet the answering thrills
From her lone heart on the hills.

You will find quite a bit of factual material, too, on mountain-climbing and cognate subjects. But we wonder who was that ancient William Strode who wrote "On a Gentlewoman Walking in the Snowe" lines worthy of Sir John Suckling:

I saw faire Cloris walke alone
Where feather'd rayne come softly downe,
And Jove descended from his tower
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton snowe flewe to her breast

Like little birds into their nest,
And overcome with whiteness there
For greife it thaw'd into a teare,
Thence falling on her garment's hemme
For greife it freez'd into a gemme.

That seems to us to be a real discovery in lesser known verse. Another that we have recently come across elsewhere, and should have known before, is Thomas Dekker's "Troynovant." It begins:

Troynovant is now no more a city.
O great pity! is 't not pity?
And yet her towers on tip-toe stand,
Like pageants built in fairy-land.
And her marble arms,
Like to magic charms,
Bind thousands fast unto her,
That for her wealth and beauty daily woo her.
Yet for all this, is 't not pity,
Troynovant is now no more a city?

There is a certain ingenuousness in both these poems which it is impossible for a mechanized and sophisticated day like ours to recapture!

Poems of the War

Some time ago Christopher La Farge suggested that in regard to poems on the war, we might glance at one he had had in the *New Yorker* last March. We did glance at it and liked it very much indeed. Ever since, we have been trying to reprint it in this column, and every week somehow it has been shouldered out by other material. Now we cry positively "Stet!" on it. It is real poetry:

BATAAN

These bones the ants shall make soon clean, the embowering
Vines convolute with rapid tendrils, in impatience
At such bleached whiteness that is not a flowering.

These shall be hidden thus until the great rout
Of some quick, distant earthquake heaves them onto the visible
Bare earth, shaking disjointed bones about

Till bones are crossed to the incredible bright alphabet
Of letters shouting out the abandoned sounds:
Peace, liberty, honor: shining words, reset.

Speaking of the war, what a tremendous story is that of Dieppe! And how amazingly some of the war correspondents met the challenge of that sortie, braving the dangers of the channel and the beaches along with the men! Terrific history is being made today. It almost stuns the mind. Muriel Rukeyser, by the way, has just published through Doubleday, Doran a single poem, "Wake Island." It is

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Byron: Don Juan.
2. Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.
3. Milton: L'Allegro.
6. Shelley: To—
4. Congreve: The Mourning Bride.
5. Pope: Ode on St. Cecelia's Day.
7. Tennyson: The Lotos-Eaters.
8. Dryden: A Song for St. Cecelia's Day.
9. Browning: Pauline.
10. George Root: There's Music in the Air.

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one of the fine poems of the war, and you can buy it for fifty cents. To quote from it would be to spoil it. This must go in lieu of a review of it. It is not too elliptical, we think, for the average reader—who, after all, should allow his or her mind to do a *little* work on what it reads—it is powerful, and it is, as she herself puts it concerning the magnificent stand at Wake, "proof of America to lift the soul!"

Rand & McNally

There was a certain map store down on Church Street which years agone we visited in the company of the now famous author of "Kitty Foyle." The same Christopher La Farge—another Christopher—whose poem we have quoted above, has informed us that he is devoted to maps too. So was Christopher M! Mr. La Farge has, of course, the talent to be able to draw maps that really look like maps. We haven't. But we also like them. And that reminds us that in a book packed with amusement and just about to burst upon you—it is an anthology of "Innocent Merriment" compiled by the renowned F. P. A.—Newman Levy has a very pleasant poem on the most renowned map-makers, which ends in this fashion, quite accurately:

"Remember those days," McNally said,
"When we'd plan a map a month ahead,
And we'd know, if it came out at noon, let's say,
It was up to date the entire day?"

"Then the countries stayed as fixed by their founders,
And boundaries weren't made by bounders."
"Those days," said Rand, "are gone *totally.*"
"You said it, brother," said Mr. McNally.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 439)

W. R. BENÉT:
THE DUST WHICH IS GOD

Beautiful are thy works and ways
O God of the young
. . . . . uphold them again and again
that the bowstring sing ere the bright bow fall unstrung
that the full throat sing ere stricken of song to be sung
that their hope be not in vain.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HER HEART IN HER THROAT *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Youthful tales about occupants of locked house next door upset English governess who follows young charges to solution of double murder.	Atmosphere of horror expertly built up. Characters good, especially the children, and climax is creepy no end.	Grade A thriller
THE JUDGE SUMS UP *Jefferson Farjeon* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Strange indisposition of English judge at critical moment in murder trial results in new investigation of crime and startling denouement.	Court-room part of story interesting, although question and answer method may irk some. Plot well tangled and well elucidated.	Good
NAME YOUR POISON *Helen Reilly* (Random House: $2.)	Insp. McKee, on trail of quadruple poisoner, finds another corpse in trunk out-bound from Conn. mansion.	Detecting, although in customarily excellent McKee manner, is rather subordinated to emotional crises of high-strung characters.	Satisfying
KILL OR CURE *William Francis* (Morrow: $2.)	Murder of Pacific coast nurse gives brash young private tec job with perilous angles—and many curves.	Swiftly paced and capably plotted item with breezily outspoken dialogue and likable sleuth.	Lively
A MODEL IS MURDERED *Babs Lee* (Scribners: $2.)	Glamorous model and others shot in N. Y. C. Private Investigator Argus Steele and incredibly blind Inspector Grange compete and cooperate.	Fair plot bogged down in "witty" repartee and extraneous matter. Many unbelievable details not satisfactorily explained.	Indigestible
ONLY THE GOOD *Mary Collins* (Scribners: $2.)	Mysterious lives and deaths in small California community. Sheriff Atwood baffled by family solidarity, tangled relationships.	Good, tight-knit, complicated plot, well told by number-one suspect. Suspense and excitement expertly handled, solution plausible enough.	Satisfying

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A Social Problem

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD. By Isacque Graber and Steuart Henderson Britt. New York: The Macmillan. 1942. 432 *pp.* $4.

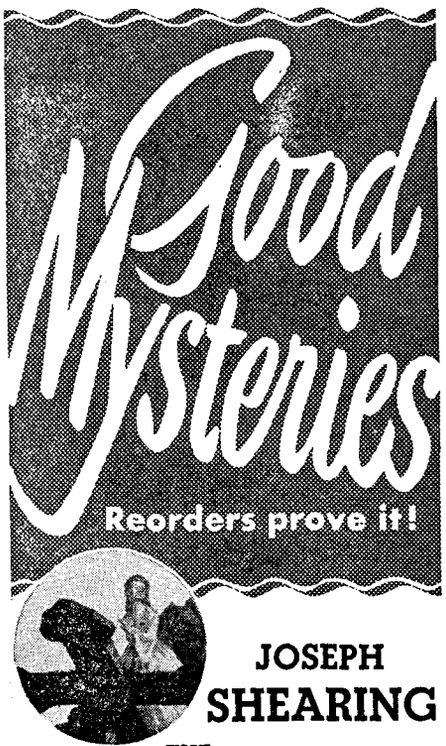
Reviewed by BARUCH BRAUNSTEIN

THIS is a disappointing book. It fails to reach the goal set forth by its editors in the foreword: "an attempt to give an *objective* portrait of Jews in their relationship with the Gentile world . . . [utilizing] . . . the findings of various sciences . . . [to bring] . . . about a better understanding of the Jewish problem and thus improve Jew-Gentile relationships."

Jews have been catapulted into the white-light of publicity as the causes of the war, unrest, inflation, bolshevism (add to the list anything else you regard evil and deleterious). This reviewer was therefore eagerly anticipating the researches of the galaxy of scholars brought together within a single volume for certainly here would be light and understanding on a bedeviling problem. Antisemitism is now everyone's concern, having ceased sometime ago to be a problem of the Jews alone. It has universal connotations (as this reviewer pointed out in Maurice Samuel's "The Great Hatred"). It is used as a concealment of rotting civilizations. It is a flank attack upon Christianity whose enemies have not yet dared (or have they?) to attack Christianity frontally. All this being so, one is entitled to a forthright exposition of antisemitism here. One expects the astringent qualities of the social sciences, which constitute mankind's experiences tabulated and ready for application, to make a genuine contribution to the vexing problem.

These expectations are disappointed. Here, of all places, the old moth-eaten slogans and shibboleths mouthed by the antisemites are brushed off and paraded. Indeed, this book, or one should say certain parts of it, makes a strong case for antisemitism by explaining it in the palaver of the social sciences which for a long time have been advertised as the new savior of mankind. For example: Professor Hertzler of the University of Nebraska concludes that antisemitism is due largely to the Jews themselves. The Jews bear a religion which is tribal and provincial; they cherish a superiority deriving from a "conviction . . . literally and vividly maintained that they are members of God's chosen people"; they have a dual allegiance and interest precluding loyalty for their country (it follows they can't be patriotic Americans): they are now seeking to establish in this glorious and free twentieth century a "voluntary ghetto" in Palestine; they are obnoxious, radical . . . All the charges of the antisemites of all times are here faithfully reproduced.

This book is discouraging for it illustrates how great minds are depressed to the level of the age in which they live. They find it hard to rise beyond the market place when they approach the Jewish problem. If great minds cannot divorce themselves from the passions of the age in which they live, how hopeless then is the solution of the problem . . . How little can we expect from ordinary folks! It is a bleak prospect.



JOSEPH SHEARING

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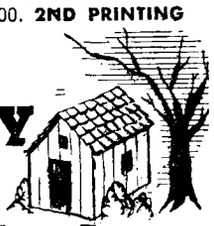

Mystery in the Woodshed

Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club. By ANTHONY GILBERT

● "You haven't finished this mystery by half when you think you've got all its parts neatly resolved . . . Keeps interest at fever heat."—Amy Loveman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

$2.00. **2ND PRINTING**

SMITH & DURRELL, N. Y.

A Qreat Quaker

JOHN WOOLMAN, AMERICAN QUAKER. By Janet Whitney. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 480 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by RUFUS M. JONES

IT would be difficult to imagine a more satisfactory biography of this eighteenth century saint than the one Janet Whitney has produced. She has refound the man himself; she has recovered the setting in which he lived; she has felt from within the spiritual atmosphere in which he lived and breathed and she has interpreted him so vividly and with such reality that he comes to life in her book.

It was a peculiarly difficult task. He was a quiet, humble individual, with little outward life to report. He consumed all his smoke. His "Journal" said almost everything that could be said about his inward life and said it perfectly. How could any one expect to do more than say with Charles Lamb, Get this "Journal" by heart and you will possess the best of the Quakers. But here we have four hundred and ninety pages (twice the length of the "Journal") and not a single dull page.

Many years ago President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard invited Sir Frederick Pollock to visit him in his summer home on Mount Desert Island where Eliot promised to show him the most glorious scenery on the Atlantic Coast. Sir Frederick came. Eliot took him in his sailboat out among the famous islands, with the mountains of Mount Desert towering above them in the west. Pollock sat wrapped in two shawls, gazing at the bottom of the boat, wholly unconscious of the scenery. At the end of two hours, as Eliot brought his boat to the dock, Sir Frederick threw off his shawls, straightened up, and said—his first utterance on the trip—"How did you come to be interested in John Woolman?" Eliot had just put Woolman in his Five Foot Book Shelf and Pollock was his greatest English admirer. I wish these two distinguished men could read this beautiful interpretation of the pure-minded man they both loved.

If I were to make any criticism of the book it would be that the author has not given due place—in fact, not any place—to the influence of Madame Guyon on the formation of Woolman's peculiar type of inward religion. She mentions Fénelon, but he was not nearly as important an influence on eighteenth century Quakers as was Madame Guyon, and there are many expressions in the "Journal" which pretty certainly can be traced to this remarkable woman.

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Coleridge on Trial Marriages

INTRODUCTION BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

THERE are many roads leading to marriage, many explanations. Among them are youthful passion, desire for wealth, for social position, the pressure of debts, the lure of beauty, the sense of loneliness, and a host of others in addition to Cupid's bow or the paternal shotgun. Yet where else than in the case of Coleridge and his companions shall we find an engagement entered upon because of a plan that might lead across the ocean and towards the reformation of society?

It came about this way. On a visit to Oxford in 1794 the twenty-two year old Cambridge student struck up a friendship with the twenty year old Robert Southey. The two young poets soon became collaborators on a drama having to do with the downfall of Robespierre. But this play was not their main interest in common. Coleridge, ever a visionary, persuaded Southey that they should be the leaders in an idealistic scheme to which they gave the name "Pantisocracy." Twelve married couples were to sail for America and found a colony on the banks of the Susquehanna. There, working in peace, and provided for largely by the bounty of nature, they should live in "altruistic unity," free from cramping laws and harassing taxes. While in the discussions joined in by another young poet, the twenty-four year old Robert Lovell, Coleridge and Southey left open the question of later divorce among the adventurers, they considered legitimate offspring necessary to carry on their idealistic colony. Southey knew a family—Fricker by name—with daughters who might be just the right wives for the unusual undertaking. It seemed a happy thought to have the three associate-founders become brothers-in-law. Coleridge agreed with inner reluctance. We shall soon understand why. Lovell seems to have been entirely willing. So Coleridge married Sara Fricker, and Southey married Edith Fricker, and Lovell married Mary Fricker. And there we are.

But we aren't there quite joyfully as far as Coleridge is concerned. A month before he had become engaged to Sara he had written of another woman: "her image is in the sanctuary of my heart, and never can it be torn away but with the strings that grapple it to life." This other woman was Mary Evans, sister of a former schoolmate. To Mary, Coleridge had written love letters and love poems during school and college days. It may be questioned whether Coleridge was ever a passionate lover. He was the type that idealizes the inamorata and is caught in the web of his own romantic weaving of words. But that Coleridge desired the most intimate of relationships with Mary and that he failed to have them with her, and presumably failed to have them with Sara prior to their marriage, is sufficiently clear. Still in love with Mary, he became restless during his engagement to Sara—wrote to Southey of his reluctance "to marry a woman whom I do not love." But Southey insisted that to withdraw would be dishonorable and the wedding took place in October, 1795. Coleridge wrote of Sara as "honest, simple, lively-minded, affectionate"; but she never really understood him, could not make sufficient allowances for the weaknesses and vagaries of the "philosopher in a mist" whom she had married. The Susquehanna scheme dissolved into nothing, and the poet's dream quality did not conduce to happy living. The marriage became more and more unhappy, and for long intervals husband and wife lived apart.

The essay wherein Coleridge advocates trial marriages becomes thus, it would seem, sufficiently indicated as advancing a theory with personal motivation. He had unavailingly desired full intimacy with the one woman he loved, and prior to marriage he had not had it with the woman to whom he brought unhappiness.

A considerable amount of research establishes the conviction that the essay has never hitherto been published. The paper is unfinished, a fragment which in any case none of the journals to which Coleridge contributed would have been willing to print, because of its revolutionary thesis in the England of Coleridge's times.

A final word before we turn to the manuscript itself. In choosing names for the imaginary couple who should adventure on trial marriage, Coleridge selects "Charles" for the man, the initial letter conforming to the first letter of his own last name. More daringly, the girl is "Mary."

Coleridge's unfinished essay follows:

"It is too often the case, that a Young Man must more or less expressly declare—at least, signify—his intention of paying his serious addresses to a Young Lady, in order to have that degree of neighborly intimacy which is necessary or requisite for a true knowledge of her character. Or to convey the same truth more generally, it often happens, that two young persons must to a certain extent (and so far at least, as to make a retreat difficult without wounding the delicacy of one or both parties) pre-engage themselves in order to possess the opportunities of studying each other's principles, habits, temper, and of thus ascertaining their fitness for each other, in a point of such transcendant importance, as a union for life, a union of will, mind and body, in weal and woe, in sickness and health, thro' good report and evil report—in short, a combination of two individuals of different sexes into one moral and spiritual Person. Tho' to the corruptly sensitive ears of Modern Manners the words may sound *coarse,* nevertheless most impressive and pregnant is the language, in which the Almighty first commanded and consecrated the Institution of Marriage—Therefore shall a Man leave his Father and his Mother and cleave to his Wife: *AND THEY SHALL BE ONE FLESH.*

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE

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Contemplate a Mother with her infant sleeping at her bosom and within her arms, & bending her eyes on its countenance--sympathize with the feelings, which prompt that gentle pressure wherewith she brings the touching Babe yet closer to her heart—and you will be at no loss to interpret or understand the force & import of the concluding words. And remember, too, that Marriage was instituted in Paradise, and previously to the Fall: in order to shew us that tho' it has been since mercifully made to serve as a remedy and consolation for our infirmities, yet the origin of Marriage, and its primary most essential ends, purposes and benefits, must be sought for in the best, noblest and most godlike qualities and properties of our Humanity. It was the *Image of God*, which the first Lovers beheld and became enamoured of in each other. What but misery and discomfort can be expected, when a union so intimate has begun and been completed in passion, or caprice, or error from imperfect knowledge!

"Surely, therefore, when the circumstances are such as to supersede the only motive by & plausible pretext for any premature engagements, whether express or implicit, that tend to foreclose or entangle the independence and freedom of choice in either party before they have the experience or the judgment requisite for forming a probable and well-grounded conclusion respecting their future and permanent mind—we ought to be thankful for them and give proof to ourselves, that we are so, by acting accordingly. Now this is the case, where the Parties have grown up in habits of intimacy—where the Parents on both sides have been & are connected by friendship & habitual intercommunion & their children have grown up in or in all but, brother and sister familiarity. To bring the thing nearer, we will imagine an individual case, a Charles Y and a Mary Z, for instance, who have known each other, from early childhood—and whose families remain in the same habits and feelings of Attachment and Intimacy—Charles 20 or 1 and 20, & Mary 18 or 19. And we will suppose that Charles during his first or second vacation at Oxford or Cambridge to think, that Mary would make a good wife. . . . "

* * *

Here ends this incomplete essay. The exact date of its composition is impossible to determine. Yet is it too fanciful to surmise that Coleridge broke it off during a day of despondency, and at a moment when the thought that Mary Evans had not become his wife, made it too difficult for him to write further?

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR

Quoted below are the words of ten famous poets on the subject of music. How many of the selections do you recognize? Allow 5 points if you can name the poet, and another 5 if you can name the work from which the quotation was taken. A score of 50 is par, 60 is good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

2.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! It had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

3.

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

4.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

5.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

6.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory. . . .

7.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes. . . .

8.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

9.

For music (which is earnest of a heaven,
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
Not else to be revealed) is like a voice,
A low voice calling fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summertime.

10.

There's music in the air when the noontide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light on the distant mountain stream.
When beneath some grateful shade sorrow's aching head is laid,
Sweetly to the spirit there comes the music in the air.

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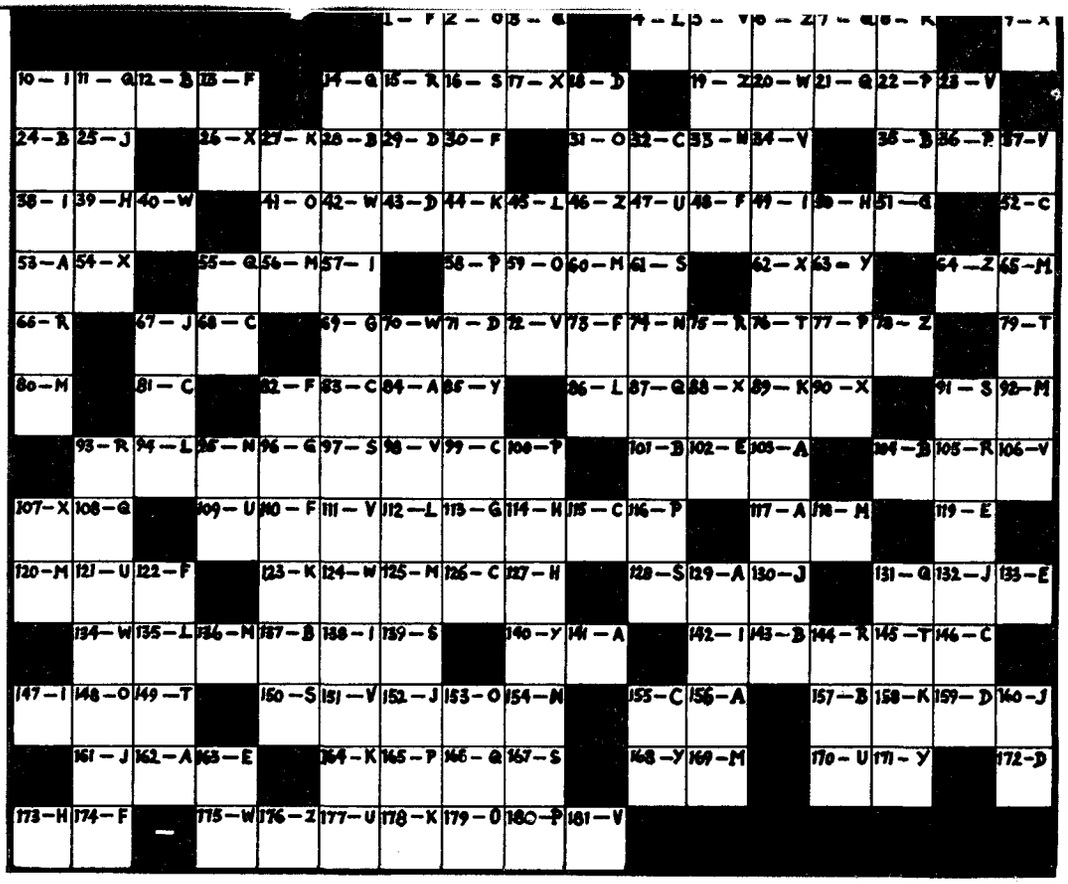
The Crostics Club

YOU can imagine how stunned I was about four years ago to receive a fan letter from Ambassador Grew, a rare indulgence for him, he wrote, telling me that our DCs shared the honors with symphony records in furnishing relaxation and enjoyment in grilling Tokyo days. Started on his "downward" path by the Bishop of the American Church Mission in Tokyo, he in turn inoculated his circle of newspaper correspondents and diplomatic representatives. They even sent their own classical products to one another, far more difficult than those I inflict on you. More than once the Ambassador wrote of acquiring Kim's "merit" by resisting stark temptation in favor of a document-laden desk. What is more, he used an imposing array of reference books despite the reputation he has earned of vast stores of wisdom accumulated in a world-wide diplomatic experience.

Two years ago Mr. Grew, on his return from a stay here, made his frank speech on America's attitude toward Japan, in the course of which he said that his facts "came straight from the horse's mouth." Inquiries from near and far as to the source of that quotation led him to ask of me. The reference librarians of the New York Public Library after a two weeks' search failed to locate it, nor did the Wellesley College Library staff find it. Later one of the latter noted the same query in "Notes and Queries," dated from the University of London, apparently submitted by one Mr. Grew had questioned. Meanwhile he himself came across the expression in both Kipling and in Aldous Huxley and had written to the latter. The first intimation, however, as to its origin came from another and was not what the casual reader might have expected, namely, in the current aphorism of accuracy due to the age registered in a horse's teeth, but rather in an expression of the racing track with its trainers and jockeys in intimate contact with horses.

On another occasion Mr. Grew sent me a challenging volume of Letters edited by him from the correspondence of his father-in-law, Thomas Sergeant Perry, linguist, traveler, teacher, critic, friend of the literati of his day. Curiously enough, while awaiting its arrival, in using the Library card-catalogue of the works of Edwin Arlington Robinson I came across, surprisingly, "Introduction to the Letters of T. S. Perry." I secured the book then and there and read his delightfully personal tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Perry in gratitude for their hospitality in opening up to him their lovely summer home near the Peterborough Colony and also Mrs. Perry's Boston studio after the end of the season at Peterborough (Mrs. Perry was a Cabot of note in the art world.)

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 440

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

WORDS

A. She foretold the glory of Aesculapius.

B. India tint (comp.)

C. To soften.

D. Superficial show.

E. Greenland point of departure for Polar expeditions.

F. Thorough, complete (comp.)

G. Some stinging hymenoptera (insects).

H. Old World shrub used in religious ceremonies by Mohammedans.

I. To utter (colloq.; 2 wds.)

J. A freckly pigmentation of the skin.

K. Subject of a *Life* by John Buchan (1928).

L. One of the Hebrew prophets (Bib.)

M. Made extinct (2 wds.)

N. American educationist (1796-1859).

O. A hunter's name for the grizzly bear.

P. Novel by Hall Caine (with *The*).

Q. To intensify.

R. The most famous of the centaurs.

S. A yokel.

T. A dialect of Siamese (Indo-Chinese language).

U. Novel by W. G. Simms (1856).

V. Turns aside as from a purpose (colloq.)

W. To invest with royal authority.

X. Conforms to, adheres to (2 wds.)

Y. Seaport of Hejaz, Arabia, port of Medina.

Z. American statesman (1811-74).

DEFINITIONS

117 84 141 129 53 162 156 103

12 24 137 143 101 35 28 157 104

81 68 155 32 83 146 115 52 126 99

43 172 29 159 71 18

163 133 119 102

174 48 30 110 73 13 82 122 1

3 96 69 113 51

127 114 39 50 173

49 10 57 147 38 142 138

160 130 25 161 67 152 132

178 44 164 123 89 27 8 158

94 45 4 112 86 135

80 120 136 169 118 65 60 56 125 92

95 74 33 154

2 179 148 41 59 153 31

100 77 180 58 116 22 165 36

11 55 198 87 131 21 7 14 166

75 15 105 93 144 66

128 150 167 61 97 91 139 16

76 79 149 145

121 177 47 170 109

34 111 5 151 181 106 37 72 98 28

40 134 42 70 175 20 124

88 9 17 90 54 107 62 26

63 85 171 140 168

78 46 64 19 6 176

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TRADE WINDS

THE WAR has wrought significant changes in England's book publishing industry. Many printing plants have been bombed out of existence. London publishers now receive only 37½% of the paper that they used in 1939. Their staffs have been cut in half. Advertisements are restricted to occasional six inch, single column insertions. Review copies have been reduced to about one-third of the pre-war total.

The reaction of a book-hungry public is worth serious study by our American publishers. There aren't half as many new titles being published in England today as there were before the war, but the average sale of the ones that do appear has increased tremendously. People have learned to wait as long as three months for a new edition of a book they want. And since they realize that a publisher is unlikely to waste a single ream of his precious allotment of paper on trash, they are willing to believe that his new titles have very definite merits without his having to splash about wasteful full-page advertisements to pound the point home. The publishers are not saying very much about it, but I understand that most of them are making more money under this forced economy than ever they did before—although taxes, of course, promptly take the greater part of it away from them. If it isn't one thing in the publishing business, it's another! "The best part of the whole situation," chortled my informant, "is that authors have suddenly discovered that their publishers' good will is an important thing to have. Naturally they all want just one more printing of 5,000 copies of their latest book. I know you won't believe this, but one of our authors actually took me to lunch the day before I sailed!" . . .

The following letter, mailed to Houghton Mifflin by Mrs. Duncan MacDonald, of Bogota, Colombia, is interesting enough, I think, to reprint almost in full. It is another example of the trouble people are willing to undergo in order to get books they really want to read:

"It occurred to me that you as well as Agnes Morely Cleaveland might like to know what happened to my copy of 'No Life for a Lady,' which at the moment looks much like an old classic as it stands on our library shelf in its soft leather and cambric dress.

"Last February I ordered five books from Macy's and 'No Life for a Lady' was one of them. The books were mailed on February 26th and I received them on July 10th in a most dilapidated condition—for they had traveled on the *M. S. Mokotam.* We had had no steamer mail for months—we knew the *M. S. Mokotam* loaded with mail and freight for Colombia had met with an accident; we knew that it had escaped the plight of many another ship and had managed to run ashore somewhere on the coast of Panama, and we knew too that the contents of one hold had been damaged and that the hold was filled with sea water. Then one day a couple of months later four thousand bags of foreign mail arrived in Bogota—mail that had traveled on the *Mokotam,* but in such a condition that the Post Office officials have been six weeks distributing it. They possibly would never have known to whom the books belonged had I not been inquiring for them.

"The wrapping on the books was matted into the covers until the package was one damp mass tied together with strong hemp cord—in fact a foul mess almost too filthy to handle. The covers were partly rotted away and what was left of them was badly warped and twisted. The bindings were completely gone, and the pages were stained, soiled, moldy, musty, and smelly. But the pages were all there and the printing was just as clear as if they had just come from the publisher.

"I cleaned the pages the best I could and spread them in the sun for several days, turning them frequently that they might dry thoroughly. Then I took them to a book-binder and had them rebound. The pages of 'No Life for a Lady' are still stained but they are dressed in a new frock, albeit a bit old-fashioned. The back is of brown leather marked by four heavy ridges where cords cross the back to bind the pages securely. On this leather is printed the name of the book and of the author in gold leaf lettering."

THAT WORTHY GROUP of irregulars who are devoted to the task of keeping alive the memory of Sherlock Holmes has published an interesting little book called "Letters from Baker Street." It contains two items of Sherlockian apocrypha known as The Lost Special and The Man with the Watches, and letters by those two members in good standing, Chris Morley and Vincent Starrett. The book has been edited by Edgar W. Smith and is available at a dollar a copy at the Pamphlet House, Room 1800, 1775 Broadway, New York . . . Viking Press is publishing John W. White's "Argentina: The Life Story of a Nation" at the precise moment when a good many million Americans are wondering just how long the Argentinian people are going to let a few thousand Axis jackals lead them round by the nose. Mr. White's book is a "must" for anybody who wants to understand the true facts about the situation. We have been fed too many doses of optimistic but misleading treacle about hemispheric solidarity! . . .

THE GENTLEMEN in the Mayflower Hotel lobby in Washington have inside information these days on everything except the way to get a room for the night. "Private motorists' troubles are solved for good," one of them told me last week. "They've discovered a new substance called Thiokol. It doesn't smell very good, but a single application will add five thousand miles to the life of an old tire." Ten minutes later, however, another insider announced cheerfully "Get ready to kiss your old jabpies goodbye, boys. They'll be requisitioned by the time the football season is over!" Maybe the President has heard that Harvard has a pretty good squad this year and thinks that the graduates ought to get one last break! . . .

GEORGE MACY and Max Schuster have a finger in the plan to publish an edition of 1,000 copies of the complete score of Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army," with special stories by Oscar Levant, Deems Taylor, Alexander Woollcott, H. Allen Smith, and others, and illustrations by Hendrik Van Loon, to sell at $100 a copy. The Army Emergency Relief Fund will get the entire proceeds . . . *Counter Points,* the house organ of the World Publishing Company, reports that a new army camp is being built in New Jersey, to be called Camp Joyce Kilmer. The first step in the construction of the camp was to cut down all the trees. (*Counter Points* also offers this summary: a German novel is a book in which two people want each other in the first chapter, but do not get each other until the last chapter. A French novel is a book in which two people get each other in the first chapter, and from then on to the last chapter don't want each other any more. A Russian novel, finally, is one in which two people neither want each other nor get each other, and about this 1450 very melancholy pages are written . . .)

WE ARE ENGAGED in compiling for Pocket Books a volume of military humor of the present war and ones that preceded it. If the readers of this column will take the trouble to send us amusing quips that they may remember about the Army, Navy, and Marines, we will be very grateful.

BENNETT CERF.

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